

# THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori  
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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## **The Baltimore Oriole**

Clear gold and black—of day and night  
A strange commingling that is not  
Twilight—from aspen height  
To grassy plot.

Thou swingest like a severed leaf:  
A golden gladness that is yet  
Near neighbor to a grief  
Thou wouldst forget.

So the cleansed soul before the face  
Of God: a noonday splendor in  
Its white and new-found grace,  
The night of sin.

Followeth still its soaring wings  
Though darkness durst not mingle gloom  
With light: it soars and sings,  
But sounds no gloom;

Its note is gladsome; and the dark  
Of sin approaching from afar,  
But sets in Heaven's arc  
A brighter star.

—Henry Gerard Sandkuehler, C. Ss. R.

## A TIMELY REMINDER

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Whither shall men look for comfort now? Earth has failed to cheer, when all the world seems draped in deepest mourning. Wistfully our eyes are turned to God. Once, in days of joy, we saw His love written in silver letters of fleecy clouds on a scroll of bluest sky; once we felt His warm whispers in the balmy summer breeze; once our delighted eyes met his message in the flowers strewn at our feet; once we sipped the overflow of heaven's happiness in the pleasant family circle at home. Now, however, we are apt to gaze at heaven with a heavy heart and murmur: "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Yet why should we falter? God still loves us.

Has He not written another pledge of far stronger love? Did you ever read the lesson of the Crucifix? Alas, we little relish it in our thoughtless moods, when fortune smiles and there seems no cause for alarm. But now a sudden gust has arisen, startled us from our easy dreams and blown our fairyland away; now we feel how helpless we really are. Now we remember His invitation: "Come to me, all you that labor and are burdened and I will refresh you". Look to the Crucifix. "He that spared not even his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how hath he not also with him, given us all things?" Here on the crucifix He has written His assurance of love, not in the cheap material of earth or air or sea, but in the flesh of His own devoted Son; written it, not in gold or perfume, not in rarest hues and fairest colors, but in gaping wounds and streaming blood; written it, not in the simple work of creative omnipotence, but graven it deep with the iron chisel of suffering and agony; written it, not in the colossal dimensions of a thousand worlds whose production cost Him little, but proven it by His sacrifice for love of us, by a shameful death. You have written a letter of affection to a person you love and you wish that person to read it. How it would pain you to learn that it was calmly tossed aside unread! Then we can easily understand why Our Lord was so anxious to induce the Apostles to think of His Passion so often. Suffering is written with a bold hand over all His life, and forebodings of the cross and death cling to His every footstep. Hardly is He born, when Herod's sword already flashes its menace of death. Hardly does He open His lips in the synagogue of Nazareth to preach the Gospel to the poor, when murderous hands are raised to hurl Him down the precipice. Not content with this, He speaks of His coming death over and over again. St. Paul caught His meaning and reflects His wish: "I judged not myself to know anything among you, but Jesus Christ and him crucified" (1 Cor. II, 2). Good Lord Jesus, long enough have my eyes been turned on the things of the world and they have seen but sorrow and woe; long enough were my ears attentive to the whisperings of passion and selflove and now they are stunned with rumors of care and distress. Do thou speak to me.

*A whisper of Satan* (St. Matthew, XVI, 20). St. Peter had just pronounced his magnificent act of faith: "Thou art Christ the Son of the living God!" It was then He laid the foundations of His Church and promised all succeeding ages that the gates of hell would never prevail against her. We should imagine that He would now turn to His Father with a prayer of thanks on His lips. Just the contrary: "From that time Jesus began to show to his disciples that he must go

to Jerusalem, and suffer many things from the scribes and chief priests and be put to death and the third day he would rise again."

A single lesson would not suffice. He had still a full year before His death; and already He begins this course of instruction about His suffering and death. He knew well that nature would revolt at the very thought. He knew that education and national prejudice had warped their minds and prejudiced them against all theories of suffering and cross. He knew too that the devil uses just this point to suggest thoughts of revolt against God. So He prepared to reduce their hearts and minds by a long siege. Patience and grace were needed. *"And Peter began to rebuke Him saying: Lord, be it far from thee; this shall not be unto thee."* How natural his words! We almost feel that he spoke our thoughts. In his vehemence he entirely overlooked the promise of a glorious resurrection. He saw only suffering, and that was enough to make him balk and murmur. Our tongues also are eloquent with a thousand and one pleas for exemption. We insist on our innocence. We ask, why hast thou done this? But think of humble submission? That is furthest from our thoughts. That one symptom of revolt against God should convince us that we are far astray. However let us turn to Our Lord and listen to His comment: *"Who turning, said to Peter: Go behind me Satan, thou art a scandal unto me; because thou savourest not the things that are of God, but the things that are of men."* Severe words! Words tingling with mighty emotion; as if His heart were roused to its very depth. In all likelihood His face and gesture and entire demeanor were aglow with the warmth of feeling that burns in His words. Surely St. Peter never forgot this scene. And Lord, may thy grace impress it on my memory, that when moments of weakness come I may not fail. He calls St. Peter Satan to show that at the present moment the Apostle was taking part diametrically opposed to Christ. Satan was changed into the devil by his revolt against the will of God, and Our Lord had come to win the glory of that Name above all names by becoming obedient unto death. Satan had ruined man by seducing him to disobey God's will and Christ had come to repair all by His constant obedience. Satan had even dared to approach Our Lord in the desert and tempt Him to depart from the path of obedience. God willed that we be saved by the death of His Son and now St. Peter was urging him to escape that death. St. Peter knew only the things of men; and these he distorted to suit his selfish instinct. Do men not know that greater love than this no man can bear another than that he lay down his life for his friend? Do men not admire the patriot's sacrifice and the martyr's heroism? Do men not know that love that is firetried, is genuine and true? He savoured only the things of men, that is of our baser and meaner nature. *In our sufferings let us turn to the crucifix.* There Our Lord will speak to us in pitying love. My child, you know that nothing happens save by my Father's will; then do not rebel. You think of your innocence; but should you not confess with holy Job: "I have sinned, and indeed I have offended, and I have not received what I have deserved"? Then perhaps our minds will wander back to the years of the past, and ruefully we shall be compelled to own, that, of all life's sorrows, the worst were our own making. Our sins wrought sad havoc with our happiness, and brought a curse upon our dear ones. We may reflect: one sin hurled Satan to hell, and, O God, how many such stains upon my days! One of the robbers who were crucified with Our Lord blasphemed Him. Whereupon the Good Thief reprimanded him: "Neither dost thou fear God, seeing that thou art under the same condemnation; and we indeed justly for we receive the due reward of our deeds, but this Man hath done no evil." Our Lord will remind us: my child, you think of your innocence; but think also of mine. Who of you, who of all the wise ones of earth or of hell, can accuse me of anything wrong? Is the disciple above his master? If you will not take up your cross and follow me, are you not unworthy of men? My child, you complain that you have not deserved this; but do you not know that "whom the Lord loveth, he chastiseth; and he scourgeth every son whom he receiveth"? (Heb. XII, 6). Then we will understand the things of God. He thirsts for our love, but a love that is sincere and proven. "We are the sons of God; and if sons, heirs also; heirs indeed of God, and joint-heirs

with Christ; yet so if we suffer with Him, that we may also be glorified with Him" (Rom. VIII, 17).

*Lay it up in our hearts (St. Luke, IX, 44).* The splendid vision of the Transfiguration has just died away. Our Lord descends to the foot of the hill and released the boy who had been possessed by a demon; thence He again wanders through Galilee (Mt. XVII, 21), all the while followed by a long train of miracles and blessings to the people. "And all were astonished at the mighty power of God. But while all wondered at the mighty things He did, he said to his disciples: Lay up in your heart these words; for it shall come to pass that the Son of man shall be delivered into the hands of men." Saints Matthew and Mark complete the sentence: "and they shall put him to death."

Notice what *moment* He chose. Just when the cross seemed furthest away; when all things promised well; when the crowds were loud in their praise and fervent in enthusiasm. Notice *how earnest* He is. It is not a chance remark to be soon forgotten. Ah no, He bids them take it to heart; reflect upon it. None would believe that this burst of devotion would ever change into fiercest hate, that the voices shouting their Hosanna today, would demand His death-sentence so soon. Notice the *impression* it made on His Apostles: "But they understood not this word; and it was hid from them so that they perceived it not; and they were afraid to ask him concerning this word." They had seen His power exerted upon the demons who had to flee in helpless rage; then how could He be made to suffer? They had seen how easily His miracles could kindle the devotion of the multitude; then who could persuade them to crucify their Benefactor? One thing is clear to them: Our Lord was in earnest, and they walked along in silence not daring to make any inquiry; they probably recalled the previous scene and would not incur a similar rebuke. Yes, they could not understand for they had not yet seen Our Lord die upon the cross. But once they stood on the blood-stained hill of Calvary, their minds were changed completely. Shortly after, they were arrested and brought to trial before the court of the Sanedrim. They were cruelly beaten and lashed, "And they indeed went from the council, rejoicing that they were accounted worthy to suffer reproach for the name of Jesus" (Acts V, 41). They went through the world preaching to all the faithful "that through many tribulations we must enter into the kingdom of God" (Acts XIV, 21). *We too must learn to look toward the crucifix.* Sorrow will dog our steps whithersoever we go. We are not all-wise and a blunder, or superior wisdom in others, may rob us of our wealth. Our bodies are not proof against sickness and accidents of every sort. Sin has brought on us the curse of toiling in the sweat of our brows, and of returning to the dust of death. Should some affliction at last overtake you, seek for counsel only from the friend that is best and truest, from Our Lord on His cross. His own agony will add special force to His words. Ask Him: Oh Lord, why must I suffer this? He will tell you: "Why, my child, it is to bring you to heaven". When all goes well we are *content with the world*, and heaven drifts from our sight and care. But when reverses come then with tear-dimmed eyes we look back to the heaven we had almost forgotten. Dives amid his prosperity lost his soul, while Lazarus in poverty earned his entrance into heaven. The prodigal caroused while his money lasted, and repented only when reduced to envy the husks of the swine. When matters go well with us we are content to make friends with the world, its ideas and its customs. St. Paul reminds us: "We are chastised by the Lord, that we may not be condemned with this world". Our Lord will tell us: "My child, it is sorrow that makes you think of me and return to me. When matters succeed with you, you abandon



and leave me to mourn as in days of old: 'My people have forgotten me days without number' (Jer. II, 32). When all is fair, we imagine that we can help ourselves. Only when the storm of affliction breaks, then we hurry to God for help as once King Josaphat of old: "As we know not what to do, we can only turn our eyes to thee"; as St. Peter in the ship: "Lord, save us, we perish!" Our Lord will tell me: "My child, this earth is not your home; it is only a place of trial where you must gain your heavenly crown". "That which is at present momentary and light of our tribulation, worketh for us above measure exceedingly an eternal weight of glory" (2 Cor. IV, 17). "For I reckon that the sufferings of this time are not worthy to be compared with the glory to come, that shall be revealed to us" (Rom. VIII, 18). If every idle word is to be counted, the word that is only so much chaff; O, far more carefully and lovingly will Our Lord gather up the diamonds and gold of suffering patiently borne for love of Him!

*May we compare? (St. Luke, XVIII, 31).* "Then Jesus took unto Him the twelve and said to them: Behold we go up to Jerusalem and all things shall be accomplished which were written by the prophets concerning the Son of man." What were these things? Surely something of a very confidential nature must follow; for He calls the Apostles apart from the crowds. "For He shall be delivered to the gentiles, shall be mocked and scourged and spit upon; and after they have scourged Him they will put Him to death; and the third day He shall rise again." Here it is once more: the cross!

This He considers *such an honor* that He reserves the lesson only to His dearest and most intimate friends. Till now He referred to His passion only in a general way: He must suffer many things. Now He singles out each detail. Once more we see how the Apostles recoiled from such an appalling picture: "And they understood none of these things; and this word was hid from them; and they understood not the things that were said". Of course they knew the meaning of each word. They knew well enough what it was to be mocked and sneered at. They knew what it meant to be scourged. They understood what they abhorred with all the strength of their nature, what they shrank from and loathed. And yet, however disheartening this prediction might seem, it was only a rough sketch of the manifold anguish which the dread reality would bring with it. *One glance at the crucifix* will bring this home to us. Oh, surely the Man-God who suffered so much for love of us will know how to sympathise with our griefs, and will surely pity us in our desolation. Then when sorrows bear heavily on us let us kneel a few moments before the crucifix and compare our woe with His. The chalice that we would fain cast aside, He has drained to the last drops. We may lament the *loss of all earthly goods* and from His cross He will tell us: My child, look at me! Have I not been robbed of all? Have I a comfortable home? Is my bed soft and downy? In my awful thirst I had not even a drop of cool water to drink. My child, did you suffer as much? You lament the *loss of health*. But look at me. Is there a single limb that is sound and well? Look at my hands and feet pierced with enormous nails. Look at my head crowned with cruel thorns. Look at my heart gaping wide with this fatal wound I received for love of you. Look at my entire body running red with blood. You lament the *loss of friends* and the desertion of dear ones. Look at me. Where are the Apostles who promised to die for me? They have fled. See the crowds around me; for them I worked so many miracles; once they hailed me as their king and prophet, and now no curse is too horrid, no sneer too bitter. And you, yourself, my child, how oft have you been faithless to me throughout the many years of your life? You lament the *failure of your hopes* and the disappointments that crossed your path. But look at me. What high ambitions might I not have cherished, being the Son of God in might and

glory; and see how poorly I must die. How gladly would I have gathered all these straying sheep within my fold; and see how they turn upon their shepherd. I too was young, scarce thirty-three years had passed over me; and already must I die. Thus we feel that Our Lord has tasted all the bitterness of our cup of suffering. Thus His love and grace will sweetly steal their way into our rebellious hearts. And at length we too shall find it in our hearts to say: My Father, thy will be done!

JOHN ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

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### FATHER TIM CASEY

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By profession, inclination, and ordination Father Casey was devoted to spiritual work. Now, the work of fishing for legal tender to pay off a church debt is anything but spiritual, yet the good priest knew he had to do it, otherwise the Carr County Court would be advertising a sheriff's sale. Let not the reader deduce from these remarks that the people of St. Mary's were slow or niggardly in responding to his brief and rare appeals to the pocketbook. Indeed, the good priest often had to swallow hard to keep back a tear when a calloused and toil-worn hand held out to him the generous contribution that spelled no small sacrifice for a large and struggling family. The tear would give place to a smile, however, when the parishioner would ask slyly: "How much did yer reverence get out of ould Alden K?" Truth to tell, during this particular campaign, he had so far got nothing out of Alden K. Rocks, the wealthiest and stingiest member of his flock. He had called at the office more than once, only to be informed by the mendacious office boy that Mr. Rocks had just stepped out and might not return for some time.

The parishioners were assembling on the lawn and street before St. Mary's to view the Patriotism Parade, when who should draw up at the curb in his new five-thousand-dollar car but Alden K. Rocks with his wife and child! "It isn't the likes of you, you old skinflint, that build up the Church in America," soliloquized Father Casey. "If you don't contribute your share to this collection you will blacken your soul worse than it is and scandalize the rest of the congregation. Some of them will be so much exasperated by your niggardliness that they will not even give their own quota. Well, I'll leave no one grounds for saying that it is my fault if you don't unload some of the Mammon of iniquity into the Church Debt Fund. Here's where I see my chance."

He knew how Alden K. Rocks loved a fight. If the wealthy manufacturer ever gave to any cause it was only after he had had the en-

joyment of a passage at arms. Nor was Father Casey himself adverse to bellicose measures. The sporting blood of a long line of Caseys coursed through his veins, and it was with genuine pleasure he girded himself for the fray.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Rocks," he called, approaching the big motor car. "How do you do, Mrs. Rocks, Hello, Sylvia. This is a fortunate meeting, Mr. Rocks. I want your check for the Church Debt Campaign. I have figured that five hundred would be about your share—unless you can see your way to make a *real* donation —"

"Ha, Father Casey, joking as usual! You know as well as I that, in the present condition of my business, five hundred is as impossible as five million." [Father Casey thought of the time that Ananias lied to the priest about his possessions and was carried out dead, and he wondered what blessing could come to this purse-proud man for making a poor mouth to dodge his duty toward the Church.] "I really wanted to help along this time," continued Rocks, "but you are striking me at a very unpropitious moment. This new car has been an awful drain on my resources; I am afraid I cannot do anything for the present."

"Oho!" cried the priest, throwing down the gauntlet. "Buying a five-thousand-dollar car is an excuse for not paying your parish dues! However, poor widow Murphy hasn't bought a car and so you will leave it to her and others like her to pay for your church and your school! According to the Scripture story, the widow used to drop in two mites while the rich pharisees gave a fortune; nowadays the widows must try to furnish the fortune, and the rich pharisee drops in a mite—providing it doesn't stick to his fingers!"

Alden K. Rocks bristled up for the struggle. The priest had been speaking to him in an undertone, but he wanted an audience, and accordingly raised his voice in order to attract the bystanders:

"Money; Money!" he declaimed, "the priests are everlastingly asking for money!"

"Askin', ses you! *Askin'* it may well be; but surely not thankin' for what they get in a parish med up of the likes of you!" muttered Peter Cassidy, edging onto the scene.

"Ould Alden K. remembers that our Blessed Lord was born in a stable; He'd be in a stable still for all that that same Alden K. would do to build a decent church and tabernacle for Him," commented Barney O'Boyle.

"Yes, and that Our Blessed Lord was buried in a sepulchre that belonged to some one else. Ould Alden K. would let Him have the same experience again when the mortgage tuk the church," supplemented Donald Harrigan.

"The priest doesn't enjoy asking for money any more than you enjoy giving it," said Father Casey, "but since Our Lord has come to dwell among us we must at least furnish Him a decent home. David swore that he would never build himself a house while the Ark of the Lord was without a temple."

"It's precious little that would worry Mr. Rocks in his terry cotty palace on DeLacy Bullywad," said the irrepressible Barney.

"That church should never have been built on that filled-in ground. [As is usual with the slackers, Rocks was a confirmed kicker and tried to defend his niggardliness on the plea that the church funds were, might, could, or would be badly administered.] I warned you all in the meeting. You *would* have your own way in building the church. I now leave you to the same wise discretion in paying for it."

"The church could have been built on an ant hill, if the balance of the congregation was as tight-fisted as you," said Barney again.

"Mr. Rocks," said Father Casey, "When men band together in any society, do they begin with the conviction that the members will always be of one mind with regard to the affairs of that society?"

"Not if they have any sense," grunted the man addressed.

"When there is a difference of opinion, they submit the question to a vote, and every member loyally abides by the decision, does he not?"

"Yes, of course.—That is," he hurried to add, scenting the trap, "unless—unless—"

"Unless he's a bally piker," interjected Barney.

"Now look here, Mr. Rocks," said Father Casey, "you are a member of the society known as St. Mary's Congregation. In a free, open meeting four-fifths decided upon the present site for the new church. But because you do not happen to agree, you try to make this an excuse for shirking your obligations as a member of the organization. What sort of business do you call that?"

"We call that piking," supplemented Barney; "aither play the game, or get out."

"Can't you see," urged the priest, "the incongruity of sitting up in the front pew Sunday after Sunday enjoying all the benefits of a

church built by your poorer neighbors and for which they had to pay your share as well as their own?"

"Pastor and flock are pleased enough to see me there," said Alden K. Rocks with a sneer. "I always remember the collection plate."

"Yes, to the extent of five cents!" volunteered Peter Cassidy who, having taken up the collection in St. Mary's time out of mind, was an authority on such matters.

"O Lord, I thank Thee," prayed Father Casey with mock solemnity, "for Thy graces and multitudinous benefits. During the week just passed Thou has kept me in life, Thou has protected me from dangers to body and soul, Thou hast given me an increase of this world's goods, a fair share of this world's pleasures, and rich graces and merits for the world to come. O Lord, I am thankful! This Sunday morning I am here in church to show my thanks; behold the proof—a *nickel!*"

"We'll label that 'The Prayer of a Piker before the Collection Plate,'" commented Peter.

"Peter Cassidy, you scoundrel," bellowed Rocks, every vein in his fat neck distorted to the bursting point. "I dropped in a quarter last Sunday. You saw me!"

"Troth and I did then! I had like to have an attack of heart failure, so dumfounded I was!"

As soon as the laugh had subsided, Rocks burst forth:

"Yes, laugh, the whole set of you! I dare to compare my conduct with yours any day. I don't believe in throwing away money for flowers and greasy lights and plaster images while there are children going to bed hungry in the block!"

"They'll get up hungry too, God help them, if they depend upon you," said Barney.

"Do you mean to charge, Mr. Rocks," queried the priest, "that we are wasting money to honor Our Lord instead of giving it to the poor?"

"Exactly!"

"Well, at least you can't claim originality for that idea. It was expressed by one who lived long before your time."

"Yes?"

"By Judas Iscariot, who betrayed Our Lord!" said Father Casey. "And the Good Book adds: 'Now he said this not because he cared for the poor; but because he was a thief and having the purse carried

the things that were put therein.' In everyday experience we find that those who are most zealous in adorning God's house are also most prompt in relieving God's poor. On the other hand it not unfrequently happens that the money held back from the church and the poor goes to the physician, the druggist, the undertaker, or the lawyers who fight the will in the courts."

"Well," growled Rocks, "I'm not saying that I won't do my share toward the church. But this campaign is mainly intended to pay off the debt on the school. I have already educated my own child. Let other men educate their children. They have no right to ask me to help them do that, any more than to help them pay their grocery bills."

"A Catholic must become very sordid indeed," commented Father Casey, "before he puts grocery supplies on a par with Catholic education. It is fortunate for the Church and for souls that the good sisters and brothers who sacrifice their lives to the work of teaching little children the road to heaven, do not take that view of the matter. You accept the school tax imposed by the State. Now if the common good empowers the State to tax childless men for the benefit of mere secular instruction, surely the common good empowers the Church to tax childless Catholics for the support of Catholic education. If you refuse to do your share, you are answerable to God for the neglect of a serious obligation. If you saw children dropping dead from hunger on every street, I don't believe you would refuse a few dollars to buy them bread. Thousands of poor children will die the eternal death if charitable people do not build and support Catholic schools where the Bread of God's World be broken to them. Almighty God will not listen to the vain excuse: 'They are not *my* children.' He did not listen to Cain saying: 'Am I my brothers keeper.' Money, I know, is a sordid thing, but the giving of it is a test of faith. It is easy enough to come to church and wear a pious face, but to dig down into your pocket, to pry yourself loose from some of your superfluous cash in the interests of a non-dividend-paying concern like church or parish school, is a fairly safe proof that your pious protestations are genuine. And the faith that prompts your generosity will grow stronger by the exercise. In many European countries the Church has been supported by taxation. Everybody did his share through compulsion. In America there is no compulsion; what is done, is done freely. And, to the eternal glory of our American Catholics be it said, they have risen nobly to the occasion. Let me read you some statistics: In the United

States we have 15,520 churches, 102 seminaries for the education of young men to the priesthood, 216 colleges for boys, 676 academies for girls, 5,687 parish schools, 293 orphan asylums, 106 homes for the aged. Practically all of these have been built within the last fifty years. They are, for the most part, the work, not of the rich, but of poor, hard-working people; almost every dollar represents the sacrifice of some comfort or even of some necessity. God has blessed such generosity. I am convinced that the sterling Catholicity of our Americans, which is the admiration of the world today, is God's reward for this generosity. What a shame if any of us should prove unworthy children of such truly heroic ancestors!"

Here the thundering notes of the Star Spangled Banner interrupted him, and the Patriotism Parade was in full swing.

When the Church Debt Campaign had been brought to a happy conclusion, the name of Widow Murphy held as usual a more honored place in the list of contributors than that of Alden K. Rocks.

C. D. McENNIRY, C. Ss. R.

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## THE IDEAL WOMAN

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Our age bristles with problems of every description. The world stands face to face with a formidable roster of questions, whose solution has been the coveted objective of many a thinking mind. As if this would not suffice, the great woman-problem also looms up defiantly, and we stand aghast at its awful demands. We—I believe said, and the assertion is made with due premeditation, for this problem in its bearing, regards not only woman but man as well. The position of the one scale in the great balance of society determines also the position of the other. More than this, it is a question relating to and concerning all mankind most intimately. Just as truly as mankind is composed of both sexes, as certainly as woman, by her quiet influence in the family, the primary call of the body social, shapes the morals of society, so surely does the woman-problem interest all mankind. "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world,"—though in our progressive and hygienic age cradles are not rocked. And this question is not one that will allow itself to be concentrated into a single, simple formula, or to be solved by one universal proposition. It contains a veritable maze of questions, the discussion of which only tends to accentuate the division of opinions. Among this array of



opinions we find also the vital question concerning the equality and equalization of women with men. A modern trend pleads for an absolute, radical, and universal equalization of rights for both sexes in all departments, under the plea that equal personal worth demands equal rights. But opposed to this stands the old well-weighed principle: equality of worth and equality of rights are two different things. Equality of worth does not necessarily postulate also a perfect equalization in judicial and social position. Equality in personal worth can remain intact in spite of a certain inequality in judicial and social positions. There are a few rights of the lay state which the priest and religious do not possess, and yet, in regard to personal worth, the lay state does not, by any means, precede the priesthood or religious state.

Then the question of the manner and limitation of the part which woman is to take in industrial activities, is by no means a clear one. Should all doors be open to women, all fields of labor accessible to them? Or should certain districts and departments of labor be marked out for the two sexes? What of the possibility and expediency of a wage-system for women industrially engaged? a system ranging equally with that of the laboring man, upon a basis of equal productiveness? These are open questions puzzling the minds of men. The most disputable of these is, whether the woman should venture out from the hallowed precincts of the home, upon the billowy sea, upon the noisy arena of public life. Should she be accorded a direct influence upon, the action of the political machine, upon public legislation in this or that form? There are those who have taken up the defense of the positive in this new proposition. There are many on the other hand, who object that the stepping forth of the woman into the field of publicity must certainly entail greater disorder and disturbance in the home: that she will sacrifice much more than she can possibly gain. These are all open questions!

Not all, however, that comes within the woman-problem is subject to dispute. There are points that will bear no division of opinion.

The first of these is that essentially woman possesses an intellectual and moral dignity equal with that of man. In spite of a differentiating exterior, both are equal in personal merit. Christianity has always been the champion of this spiritual equality in the sexes. Equal in origin, equal in heredity, equal in a future accountability, equal in the participation in the merits of Redemption, equally sharing the adoption

of children of God, man and woman are equal. "There is neither Jew nor Greek; there is neither bond nor free; there is neither male nor female. For you are all one in Christ Jesus." Gal. III, 28. Therefore both are equal before the law. There is not a twofold moral, one for man and another for women. This is unquestionable.

Another incontrovertible point in the woman-problem is, that the most common, most natural, and most regular vocation of woman is the care of the home and family. Her physical, intellectual and spiritual qualifications point to this. The home and the family are her original domains, and in these, the gifts conferred on her feminine nature by the Creator, are evolved to greatest advantage. Queen in her own right, a mother's kingdom is her home, though often her sceptre is invisible.

It has become necessary to-day to emphasize the truth that the domestic and maternal vocation of woman is a grand, honorable, and most important one. She is in a higher degree than man, the universal genius, the teacher, the physician, the educator, and the artist. Man is not inaptly called the dial pointing out the hours; but woman is the main-spring supplying the power to the entire mechanism. By her domestic activity, she is laying the deep foundation for the highest and most indispensable culture, that of soul and mind. For good or ill she shapes the destinies of mankind. It has been well said: "It is at his mother's knee that the foundation of a man's character is laid. Hence the truly Christian mother sees in her home the vineyard to which she has been called to labor. Her children are the channels through which she must influence the outer world. Their lives are the only monuments she craves, her memory enshrined in their hearts the only fame she desires. In the influence she has in forming the character of the young, and training up each rising generation as it comes forward, and assumes the control of the destinies of the world, she has her full share in that power which sways and governs mankind, which makes nations, families, individuals great, prosperous, virtuous, happy—or mean, degraded, vicious and wretched. Woman is mistress of the fortunes of the world, by holding in her plastic hand the minds and hearts of those who are to mould the coming age, at that decisive period when the character is determined and fixed in good, or irrecoverably bent on vice and mischief. Men go forth to act their parts on the great stage of life, the most gifted to exert vast influence over its affairs; but it is only to act out the character that has been formed

at home. Woman then, whose control over the character is most absolute, presides at the very fountain-head of power."

Considered from this view-point, woman enjoys an undeniable superiority over man. And it is difficult to understand how any woman can consider the vocation of motherhood a kind of deposition and degradation. Any woman who criminally shirks the responsibility of motherhood tears from her heart every vestige of ideal womanhood. Any mother who is guilty of race-suicide defiantly thwarts the designs of the Creator; the mark of Cain is upon her soul and terrible is the just retribution that will follow her like a shadow. In literature, in art, and in the public expression of their sentiments, the nations have instinctively surrounded the wife and mother with an aureola of glory. Motherhood is the most important and most honorable vocation of woman. This is not an open question. It is true no less that when woman is not actually pursuing this domestic vocation, whether through necessity or choice, she nevertheless bears about her that indelible trait of a genuine woman's soul which we might call "motherliness". It is that native virtue, which ever impels her like a true mother, to care for others, to sacrifice herself, to serve, to defend, to reconcile. This motherly trait, the very essence of womanhood, is the grandest proof of her ability in social work: in the education of youth, the care of orphans and of the sick. For these charitable purposes she possesses all the desirable qualities: a sharp eye for the necessities of life; a lively imagination, which enables her to feel another's misery and woe; a loving heart that ever inclines her to mercy; a certain tact and tenderness that always tends to soothe and to touch a minor chord, where men would be brusque, cold, and repulsive. Often she is man's guardian angel, preserving in him the noblest ideals of life and love. This is not an open question in the woman problem.

All these indisputable points in the woman problem are found in the Mother of God as in a book. "As God made mother love the center of His greatest mystery, the Incarnation, so He has made motherhood the very center of womanhood. Mary with the Divine Child in her arms is the Ideal Woman, 'Our tainted nature's solitary boast.' Above all women glorified, yet a creature still, her Motherhood, her Womanhood, has formed the ideal of every Christian age."

In Mary the equality of woman's personal worth, of her intellectual and moral dignity with that of man, has been well exemplified. The same Emmanuel who assumed human nature, received it from a virgin

of the house of David. "But when the fulness of time was come, God sent His son made of a woman" Gal. IV, 4. Just as both sexes took part in the work of destruction, so too both should join in the work of redemption, and thus the Redeemer has reinstated both sexes in their rights. He holds His protecting hand over the one no less than over the other. They are one in Christ.

From the depths of her soul Mary poured forth the sublime and poetic strains of the "Magnificat", and thus gave evidence of her intellectual ability. The angel of the Most High saluted her: "Hail, full of grace," and the Church calls her the "Immaculate", she is therefore a perfect moral type. The Blessed Virgin is also the symbol and ideal of unostentatious domestic activity. She spurned not the daily routine; the humble services of a humble home filled her waking hours for more than thirty years. We never see her in the marketplace of public life, except when duty actually calls her there. Her home is her world, her sanctuary. Her life was spent in performing the simple matter-of-fact duties of an apparently commonplace existence. She craved neither fame nor influence, yet "all generations have called her blessed".

Mary is the type of genuine motherliness and charity. In the limited circle in which Providence placed her, it was her delight to diffuse blessings and consolations. It was her ambition not to shine but to make happy; not to be waited on but to serve. But her maternal domain extended farther. She who at the marriage-feast of Cana gave so splendid a proof of her charity, undoubtedly followed the promptings of her maternal heart and helped to relieve every want that came within her reach. Nay more, the domain of her solicitude is wide as the world. Since she has gone home to her Son, her motherly love and care follows the course of the sun around the earth, to cease only when the last weary son of Adam has left this vale of tears.

The Church justly applies to her the eulogium: "The honor of our people." She is the ideal of noble womanhood, the most womanly of women. With a modern bishop we may say that our answer to the woman problem is "incarnate in Mary". If only the women of our age look to the Mother of the Emmanuel as a model in all their actions, in their conduct, then the true dignity, honor, and rights of woman will be preserved, and will find a refuge among us, so as to safeguard the moral and social order.

JOS. W. PRINTEN, C. Ss. R.

## THE VALUE OF PRAYER

So dear to God are our prayers that He has appointed His angels to present them before His throne as soon as we have finished them. "The angels," says St. Hilarion, "have charge of the prayers of the faithful and daily offer them to God." The prayers of holy souls are those sacred clouds of incense which St. John saw ascending to the Lord (Apocalypse 8). And the same Apostle wrote that the prayers of the saints are as so many golden vessels full of sweet odors and most pleasing to God. But in order to understand and better of how great worth our prayers are before God, it is enough to read in Holy Scripture some of the numberless promises that God has made to prayer both in the Old and in the New Testament. *Call to me and I will hear thee (Jer. 33.3). Call upon me and I will raise thee up (Ps. 49.15). Ask and it will be given to you, seek and you shall find, knock and it will be opened to you (St. Matthew, 7.7). God gives good things to those who ask Him (St. Matthew, 7.11). All who ask receive and who seek find (St. Luke, 11.10). Whatsoever they shall ask, it shall be done to them by my Father who is in heaven (St. Matthew, 18.19). All things, whatsoever you ask when you pray, believe that you shall receive, and they shall come unto you (St. Mark, 11.24). If you ask me anything in my name, that I will do (St. John, 14.14). You shall ask whatsoever you will and it shall be done unto you (St. John, 15.7). Amen, Amen, I say to you, if you ask the Father anything in my name, He will give it to you (St. John, 16.23).* And there are a thousand other similar tests which space forbids our quoting here.

God wishes to save us but for our greater good He wishes to save us as victors. As long as we are in this life we live in the midst of a continual warfare and if we would save ourselves we must fight and conquer. Now, since we are so weak and our enemies are so numerous and so powerful, how will we ever be able to face them and to overcome them? Let us have confidence and say with the Apostle: *I can do all things in Him who strengthens me (Phil. 4.13).* We can do all things through prayer by means of which we can obtain from God the strength that we have not of ourselves. The powers of hell are mighty but prayer, says St. Bernard is mightier than them all. Indeed this must be so, for with prayer the soul obtains divine aid which far surpasses all created power. In short, St. John Chrysostom

says that prayer is a mighty armament that will overcome all the assaults of the devil; a powerful defense which will protect us in all our dangers; a secure harbor in which we will be safe from storm and tempest; a rich treasure out of which we can provide ourselves with every good.

ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.

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## LIGHT BEFORE DAWN

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"Hello, Cyril; where are you bound for tonight?"

The speaker was Bob O'Mara. He had been standing in front of the Movie-Palace for a while, with a listless trio, watching the girls pass by, when along came Joe Dorney. Joe had coaxed Bob to go with him—and not much coaxing was needed; for anything was better than his present occupation—and now they were both on their way to Callinan's saloon, where they might have a game of pool or cards, and meet some "real" men, as Joe Dorney put it. It was while under way that they met Cyril Hart, whom Bob challenged with the above question.

"I'm going to the Parish Club," Cyril replied.

"Parish Club!" what attraction's there? asked Joe Dorney with the very essence of incredulity in his tone of voice.

"Why, I suppose there's nothing so exciting as a nickel thriller at the 'Celestial'" (he laid a peculiar stress on the name, as if he wondered why such a name was ever chosen to attract people to such shows); "but," he continued, "there are games and gymnastics that do a person good after a day in an office; there are baseball fans and live sparks from the business world; there's Father Tomlin who starts us debating at times on subjects of the day; there are some new books that I want to take home to read . . ." In fact, Cyril did not show by any sign that he had come to the end of his list. If he had been salesman he could not have spoken of his wares more enthusiastically. But one of his listeners, at least, was impatiently waiting for him to finish.

"Ha ha! Sobstuff!" laughed Joe. "Come on, Bob; he'll preach us into the Parish Club if we talk longer with him."

Bob might have turned about with Cyril Hart, whose little but manly appearance and manly tone seemed always to have great influence over him. Joe's remark, however, made everything great and

manly seem on the side of Callinan's saloon; and Bob always wanted to be esteemed as both great and manly.

"Say," he said to Cyril, "Say, Cyril, that's too tame; you know it yourself. Let's play a real game of pool down at Callinan's; we have beat everybody at the Club, you and I,—there's no fun anymore playing there. But there's excitement when there's a real game for real money."

"Not for me, Bob," was Cyril's answer; "I like the Club perfectly well. You had better come along with me. I missed you night before last, too."

"Pussy foot!" sneered Joe, grasping Bob O'Mara by the arm and drawing him away. "We want some *real* sport, don't we, Bob? I suppose the priest will be there to watch you, eh?"

"Maybe he will, maybe not," Cyril replied; "anyway he only helps us to enjoy it the more."

"What's that?" said Joe, suddenly darting at Cyril and pulling at his coat;—"O! I thought it was an apronstring! Haha! Bob and I have torn loose from ours! Goodbye!" And chuckling over his witticism, he slipped his arm through Bob's and together they turned on their way.

For a while, Cyril stood there watching the two as they disappeared, arm in arm, down toward the darker end of the street. He was whistling to himself—no particular tune—just surprise. "Bob," he mused to himself, as he walked on,—“where did you pick up that companion? Queer! I'm sure he's not the kind your sister Bertha would have near her! What's the world coming to!"

The two companions, meanwhile, had entered Callinan's Barroom. It stood on the alley corner, facing the street to the front, and opening on the alley at the rear. After a few games of pool, interspersed with drinks, they had seated themselves at one of the tables. A deck of cards lay before them, and Bob was playing with them absentmindedly, as he watched the excited players at nearby tables. It had not thus far been as exciting for him as he had expected. At this juncture two young men,—they must have been between twenty-two and twenty-eight,—entered the barroom. After sweeping the room with a quick but expectant glance, they came straight toward our two friends.

"Well, Joe," said the taller in a loud, jolly tone; "who did you bring here? A pal of your'n?"

"Yes," said Joe, doing the honors; "meet Bob O'Mara; this," he



continued toward Bob, "is Jim the Corkscrew, Bob; that's the name he goes by."

"My title," corrected Jim, with a comical touch of pride. "And this," he went on, laying his hand on his partner's shoulder, "this is Barney Latch; no latch is a latch when he's around."

Joe Dorney suddenly became talkative; he seemed to feel obliged to tell his chief the whole story.

"Bob, here," he began, "is a shark at pool; just about fleeced me. But he says he could do better, only he never played in a place like this. I met him a night or two ago standing out in front of the Parish Club. 'What's the matter?' says I. 'O that's stale down there,' says Bob, just like that. 'Well,' says I, 'if you want a man's game, I'll show you where to find it.' 'Not tonight,' says he; 'I promised mother to be home at 10:30, and it's that now.' 'Well, says I, 'next time you just forget to make any promises.' So tonight he's off for good."

"No promise to mother, Bob, eh?" ejaculated big Jim, imitating boyish delight. "A man at last! Hip, hip, hurrah! Let's have one on it! A straight or a mixed one, Bob, what will it be?"

Bob hated the man's patronizing way, treating him like a child. He had always hated it when his friends or teachers assumed that tone and it made him rear up mentally, get on his haunches and contradict and fight at everything proposed. And now again, he summoned all the power in his weak will and gathered it into a peevish determination to outpoint these men at their barroom gallantry.

"The strongest you have," he said; "you think I'm not used to it! I can go you one better on everything you try!" Pride was making him overlook altogether what kind of companions his were.

"Hip, hip, hurrah!" gurgled Jim the Corkscrew. It was a way with him, and meant to convey his sincere admiration. "Take it, boy; it will make your thoughts sizzle. There's nothing like starting right! No tenderfoot in you!"

Bob tossed off the glass with a little tremor, which, however, he tried by all means to conceal. Jim grasped his hand and shook it violently.

"My hand on that, Bob; that was a neat job. Come, sit down now and get into this poker game."

"What are the stakes!" began Bob, shuffling the cards. "I've a fiver in my pocket; that's good for an evening."

"An evening!" exclaimed Jim; "for a start, Bob, you meant to say,

didn't you? You will win more and then play higher stakes. But just keep that in your pocket for the present. We'll use chips; they're less bother if any brass-buttons or plain-clothes men come in for a sip!"

Bob noticed that Joe Dorney was growing silent. It almost worked on him, too. But Barney and Jim kept jollying him along, to make him feel like one of the crew. The game went on. Bob lost, Bob won,—lost,—won; his losings always somewhat in advance of his winnings. But the chips concealed the amount. In fact, he was too excited to take notice of his losses. By degrees all except our four had left the barroom.

"Hip, hip, hurrah! There!" broke out Jim at last, rising from the table and stretching himself. "It's 1 a. m.—time to count up . . . Well, Bob, how do we stand! You played a close game—a sharper at it, eh!"

To his amazement, however, Bob found that he had lost twenty dollars. "Twenty dollars!" he repeated somewhat falteringly, dazedly; "here's five—five—and the rest of the fifteen, I suppose, I'll have to pay later on."

"Say, Jim," broke in Barney Latch, "that just reminds me; let's have that little job tonight. We have good help here."

"Why, yes! capital!" said Jim as he clapped Barney on the back. "Never thought of it . . . Here," and he tossed the fiver to Bob, "take that; here's a chance to pay your twenty at once and get a little for your pocket to start out with tomorrow."

Bob evidently did not understand. Still dazed over his losses and somewhat dizzied by the drinks and the stuffy air in the saloon, he only half heard what was being said.

"You're in on this, aren't you, Joe," continued Jim turning to Dorney.

"Sure!" replied the latter. He knew what it meant, having been with this company once or twice before.

"And Bob, you've made up your mind, haven't you?" Bob, however, did not seem to be quite so sure. His head had begun to rest heavily and dreamily on his hand, as he sat there staring silently. Jim noticed his indecision,—but could not see the misty figure of a bent old lady, with warning finger uplifted, as Bob could.

"I want to tell you, friends," he began in a most insinuating but casual way; "the other night we lifted a little haul from Browager's

Department Store. Hip, hip, hurrah! Made a good job of it; policemen didn't even get a smell. But there was old Pudgy Marlit . . ."

"Haha!" laughed Barney; "Pudgy Bigmouth we ought to call him!"

"No, Pudgy Jelly-fish! There's no backbone in him!" put in Joe.

"You're right there!" decided Jim; "Hip, hip, hurrah; Jelly-fish! that's Pudgy! Says I: 'Pudgy, we've got a call tonight! 'A call!' says he; 'what's that?' 'Now, none of your fooling, Pudgy,' says I; 'you know as well as I do; we're going to transfer a little cash from Browager's. Are you going to give us the benefit of your whistle?' 'Not I,' says Pudgy, backing out; 'I've got a mother at home; no cash lifting for me.'"

"Haha," laughed Joe and Barney together; "Jelly-fish!" but the misty image of a bent old lady and her warning finger kept growing clearer and clearer to Bob.

"Hip, hip, hurrah; say that again!" Jim ejaculated, bringing his fist down on the table. "Jelly-fish is the name! You're no jelly fish, are you Bob? And you'll be able to square up with me for that poker game!"

"You've been gambling already," added Barney; "be a real sport now, and make your own money to square up your debts."

"Where's that place?" asked Bob with just a faint note of timidity in his voice. In his heart there was a veritable storm and in his mind utter confusion. But Jim's voice sounded over all like a siren: it was irresistible, that mingling of sneer and esteem.

"Hip, hip, hurrah!" burst out Jim, jumping up and clapping Bob on the back; "I knew that's all you'd want to know—where the place is. It's a go, comrades. Just a drink while we make the last preparations. A sizzler, partner!" Jim called aloud to the bartender, who was leaning over the bar, listening to the four men. Over their glasses it was decided that Jim and Bob should enter the place to be robbed, while Joe and Barney would remain nearby to give the signal for danger.

"The place," Jim explained, "is down the alley there,—not far from here,—a meat market. Old Man Hangar's market. He's just bloated with coin; we'll draw off a bit and bring him down to normal and bring us up to gentleman's estate, eh Bob? We ought to be able to pay our debts anyway!"

Bob was interiorly taking offense at these jokes; this fellow had no sense of shame or honor or justice at all. Just a brute he was, who

thought he might take whatever he could without being caught. Bob detested him,—but then Jim caught his eye, and Bob lowered his—again the misty image was blown away.

"Well, I don't see why not!" replied Bob with mock firmness. "But let's start, or the cocks will be crowing soon!" Inwardly he was saying: "Just this once to pay my debt—then, never again!"

"Hip, hip, hurrah!" said Jim. "You're right there, Bob! let's get busy. Straight down the alley, there," he continued, pointing out the direction; "you two walk down like gentlemen, do your hear, Barney and Joe? Sorry gentleman you make, Barney,—but it's dark and nobody will see your face!"

Barney raised his glass as if he were going to throw it at his partner.

"Take it back, pard," said Jim, holding up his big hand as if on the defensive; "you're a dude even in the dark. Bob, you'll go with me. This is your first, is it?"

"Yep," said Bob. He seemed to be looking down a long deep precipice, and was already so close to the brink that he was beginning to slip down; and this fellow was pushing him, slowly but surely over it. He almost grew dizzy and withdrew his word.

"Listen," he said hoarsely, "look at the bar-tender; he's watching us; he heard every word we said!" But Jim smiled.

"Don't mind him, Bob; he knows the chief of the slippery gang, don't you think? Why I'll slip him a little on our way home; see, that'll fix him. Silence is golden, ain't that what your books say? Hip, hip, hurrah!" And Jim laughed as if admiring his own superior wisdom. "Get on with you, Barney;" he continued, as they moved toward the door; "and give us the sign if things are wrong. See, Bob, we go along in the shadows to the butcher's place. Goodnight, pard," he shouted back to the bartender before passing out into the night.

"Goodnight!" the bartender replied. "It's a shame," he muttered to himself after the two had gone out. "There goes another down the hell-path. I can stand Jim doing it. He's an orphan; he doesn't know who his father was, thanks to the blackguard who left his mother to work and then to drink and then to die. But to see that youngster going into the business, to see him daub his fair name and tear his character to pieces like this, it's a shame! How the heart gets nim and tugs at him! But d—— that sneer of Jim's,—a jelly fish can't resist it."

Meanwhile Barney and Joe had walked down the alley to the corner,

and Jim and Bob crept along in the shadows of barns and houses. No signal resounded.

"Hip, hip, hurrah!" whispered Jim to his companion, "all's safe. Now watch me, Bob." And deftly, skilfully, with untold patience, yet persistent effort, the window yielded without the slightest sound.

"Bsht!" cautioned Jim; "I'll get in first, or else you'll stumble over things and wake the cats. I know the place. Then I'll help you in."

So in they went, gathered the money from the cashier's booth, yegged the safe and were rifling the contents, when suddenly Jim stopped.

"Ouch!" he grumbled, with a sullen curse; "did you hear that?"

"No! what's it? the police?" You could easily tell what Bob was thinking about.

"No, but the signal. Wait,—another to get the direction . . . there! we must run north and it means hurry." Bob dropped the money and made for the window. "Don't drop that," hissed Jim fiercely; do you want to leave your pay here. Give it to me! Now, quick, out—follow me!" And Jim ran nimbly in the shadow—while Bob followed as fast as his fears allowed him. They had not run far before a stentorian voice called:

"Stop!"

"What the devil do you take us for," said Jim. Bob could not help laughing. The non-chalance of his companion roused his courage.

"Stop!" came the call a second time. But the fugitives only ran the faster.

"He doesn't even know where we are," commented Jim; "that's a trick of theirs."

"Stop or I'll shoot!"

But on they ran. The policeman fired into the air. The shot made Bob's knees tremble; he thought he might be struck any moment. He would have stopped.

"I told you," said Jim, "he hasn't got us."

Just then Bob came up with the rear entrance of the saloon. Taking advantage of the shadows he managed to slip in unobserved. As he did, in the dark, he bumped into someone. He was so frightened at the thought that he might have run right into the arms of a policeman, that he almost fainted away. What a relief, when he heard the saloonkeeper's husky whisper:

"This you, Jim? or the new lad?"

"Yes, it's me—the new comer! The police are after us."

"Don't tell me, I heard the shots. Come in now—no noise or you are lost." Stealthily they crept into the barroom and closed the door as noiselessly as if it were a spirit-door. The saloonkeeper thrust Bob into a dark room, and with his hand on the door spoke:

"Look here, young man; you're not made for this business; you're too good a mother and you'll kill her. You stay here till morning, then you clear out. And see here,—you wash your hands of this business and stick to your mother!"

Bang! while he was yet delivering this bit of advice, another shot rang out on the night air, and a few instants later, a heavy body fell against the side of the house near the front. The man seemed to guess what had happened. "Don't move!" he commanded Bob, and ran out to the front, turning on all the lights in the barroom. Turning the corner of the house he saw, huddled up in a sitting posture, against the side of the house, the form of Jim the Corkscrew. Almost at the same moment two policemen came up.

"You're a good shot, bluecoat," said the barkeeper somewhat bitterly; "you reached him in the vital spot. See, he's gasping his last."

"I couldn't help it, sir," said the policeman with evident regret. He would not stop; and it is only because he stooped that it got him there. He must have stumbled, or I would have hit him in the leg."

"Yes," said Jim, gasping; "I stumbled; it was fate! the first time ever; or you would not—have hit me—at all, capn'.—It was fate!"

"Take him into the house while I call an ambulance."

The Barkeeper and the other policeman lifted Jim as tenderly as they could and carried him into one of the rear rooms, where they laid him on a bed. Bob, heard the noise in the adjoining room, and unable to restrain himself, opened the door slightly—just enough to let him see what was happening. He could see the form of the stricken man growing paler and paler; he saw the stream of blood draining his life any dyeing the stolen bills that protruded from his coat pocket; he could hear the death-rattle. Then the barkeeper approached the bed and took the man's hand. Bob saw that Jim pressed it and heard him whisper:

This—is—the end! tell *him*, this is—a thief's end!"

No need to tell *him*; he heard it, every impressive word, and it brought the cold beads to his brow. How near he had been to this! Away, away—even now he slipped out by the rear door, and, as fast as his trembling legs carried him, made for home.

Bertha, his sister, had been standing for an hour or more behind the door of their home, keeping it slightly open, to see Bob as soon as he should approach. She knew not why—but she could not sleep. Bob had never stayed away so long—something must have happened. When she heard his hurried footsteps, she threw open the door and tried to stop him.

"Bob, Bob," she whispered with all the pent up excitement of hours—"where have you been? what's happened to you?"

Bob could not utter a word.

"Bob,"—his sister began again. Now he found his tongue.

"Sht! quick! they—they—" again he stopped helplessly.

"Who? What? Bob, tell me."

But Bob ran by her, locked himself in his room, flung himself on the bed. The scenes of the last hour whirled through his mind so fast that he thought he must go crazy. He fell asleep; but every now and again he would wake up with a start, to hear a deathly voice say: "This is the end!" Once more he awoke; then he got up, knelt by the bedside to say his prayers; "Thank you, O God, for this lesson."

AUGUSTINE ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

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## GOD WITH US

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He was a young travelling salesman, sharp, alert, and witty. I rode beside him for more than two hundred miles and derived the keenest enjoyment from his conversation. I was watching him closely, and I thought I saw his lips move silently every time the "Limited" thundered through a town. I asked him about it. "Father," he said, "it's a habit I got since I'm on the road. Whenever I pass through a town I salute the Blessed Sacrament with that little player:

"O Sacrament most holy, O Sacrament divine,

All praise and all glory be every moment Thine."

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Those who are servants of Mary and for whom Mary intercedes are as secure of paradise as if they were already there.—*St. Alphonsus*.

"Whoever bears the seal of the servant of Mary has his name already written in the book of life. Having this seal the Lord knoweth who are His."—*St. Alphonsus*.



## THE REFORMATION

### THE REGULARS

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Revolution is reactionary, radical. It is a break with the established order. Most often it is wrong both morally and prudentially. Protestantism was a revolution. Reformation, on the other hand, is progressive, moderate. It is the weeding away of accretions—whether good or bad in themselves—which are baneful to the basic principle or final purpose of organized society. It is always good morally and prudentially, though at times its methods may be indiscreet or injudicious. Catholic action in the sixteenth century was reformatory. A threefold melee of Progressive, Revolutionist and Reformer made the sixteenth century what it was. Among the body of men upon whom revolution and reformation makes an impression there is an element of shiftless, restless creatures. They desire a stir somewhere or somehow. Provided things are moving they bother little whence the movement comes. Like big housewives in small households they are always fussing, always flurried, and sigh in the evening that nothing was accomplished. The reason is simple. There was little or nothing to accomplish from the start. These are Progressives. They were represented in the century of which we speak by men like Erasmus and Rabelais. They are always a dangerous faction for when the tide is on, you can never be certain whether they will be with the ebb or flow. To say the kindest thing possible of the religious revolutionists, Luther, Zwingli, and Calvin, is that they thought themselves reformers. They were carried away by the wave of discontent and dissatisfaction. They strove to turn society from its moorings and cast it adrift without a pilot. And in great measure they succeeded. Europe was one grand Christian society. These revolutionists set themselves to establishing a new society independent of existing authority and formed on laws destructive of existing order. Gaetano di Thiene, Caraffa, Matteo di Bassi, Theresa, John of God, Ignatius Loyola, and a host of other eminent leaders saw the hand of the Almighty in society as then organized. They were satisfied with it. They did not feel that they could improve on the God-man's plan. They were, however, opposed to the human additions which tended to

subvert the Providence of the Creator. The fluctuating Progressive followed early Protestantism and gave it its impulse, but suddenly turned back when it saw whither Protestantism drifted, and by its ever-shifting manner impeded what it should have advanced.

## THE TIME-SPIRIT.

Selfishness is the quintessence of humanity actuated by passion. Self-sacrifice is its opposite. Luther in the Wartburg shuddered at the calamity of a divided Christendom, but self-love mastered him. Later, when oversated by flattery and adulation, thoughtful reflection on what he had sacrificed for self-gratification drove him to desparate melancholy. Even the best of his followers prided themselves on their self-sufficiency. They saw about them undoubted disorders, but in placing themselves above them they rejected the means of sanctification given by Christ and supplied by Holy Church. But the great majority of his followers were time-savers. They worked for the overthrow of all authority. They were quite indifferent to the means. Might or falsehood were equally tools in their hands to effect their independence. Meeting this time-spirit by its opposite, rose the great Catholic reformers of the sixteenth century.

Carlyle in his bitter tirade on Jesuitism lays down the principle: "The Spiritual is the parent and first-cause of the Practical. The Spiritual everywhere originates the Practical, models it, makes it: so that the saddest external condition of affairs, among men, is but evidence of a still sadder internal one. For as thought is the life-fountain and motive soul of action, so, in all regions of this human world, whatever outward thing offers itself to the eye, is merely the garment or body of a thing which already existed invisibly within; which striving to give itself expression, has found, in the given circumstances, that it could and would express itself so." This is everywhere true; and in these times when men's attention is directed outward rather, we will try to give it the attention it deserves.

## THE ANSWER TO THE TIME-SPIRIT.

As was noted in the April LIGUORIAN, fourteenth and fifteenth century mysticism was divorced from sound theology; it went its way alone and when left unrestrained fell into grievous error akin to Pantheism. Perfection for many consisted in a union of the soul with God, not by charity, but by quiet contemplation. When this state was

reached all need of external aid such as Sacraments or prayer was repudiated. No law, ecclesiastical or divine, was recognized, as the will was supposed to be united with the divine Will. What a contrast to this irresponsible life did Matteo di Bassi give. Obedient to the injunction of Jesus, "he looked upon the model that was shown him." From out the three centuries that had passed he rested his thoughts on his spiritual father, the seraphic Francis of Assisi. And when the model was well fixed in his mind and his soul was strengthened in prayer, he made his way to Christ's Vicar on earth to obtain God's blessing on the effort of re-establishing that image on earth. It was the "Practical" effected by Matteo in Camerino that led to the foundation of the Capuchins in 1528. He was the first of the true mystics of the period. And he and his brethren, as the Protestant historian of Germany, Menzel, points out "bore witness (by their lives) among the poor that theirs is the Kingdom of heaven." This spirit of mysticism inaugurated in this century by diBassi culminated in St. Theresa. She did not wish to thrust her Carmelites out into life's struggles. She saw in them auxiliaries, instruments of that hidden power and grace, that went out from Him the Giver of life and death. They were to plead with the Heart of God, that as once the touch of His garment healed the woman of the bloody flux—so through the instrumentality of His ministers grace would go out to misguided, sinful souls. "Let us help the King's servants," she writes, "I beg of you, strive to become such that you may obtain graces from God for His defenders. If we, by our prayers, contribute to their victory, we also, in the depths of our solitude, shall have fought for the divine cause." Is our mind's eye so obscured by the world's mirage that we cannot see the beauty of Theresa's self-abasement, her spirit of utter self-sacrifice? Msgr. R. H. Benson has artfully said: "The picture of a nun before our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament seems like a life lost—but it is rather like a master mind in a quiet office guiding the hands of a thousand workers. The old priest thought his life more active in God's world than her's; whilst this nun has toiled behind these walls in the silence of grace, with the hum of the world coming faintly to her ears, and the cries of the peoples and nations and of persons whom the world accounts important, sounding like the voices of children at play in the muddy street outside—and indeed that is all they are compared to her, children making mud pies or playing at shop outside the financier's office." To the reflecting mind the contrast between what is accom-

plished in God's vineyard and the instruments of its accomplishment, must lead the mind back to another power struggling with the demands of eternal Justice. Within the silent chapel of adoration a figure kneels controlling eternal destinies.

How many conversions are wrought only with an insuperable struggle—and the secret of the victory is only understood as we remember the figure prostrate before the very essence of all power and Goodness. The priest, as he leans over the sick bed and hears the sweet outpouring of love coming as the last words of a misspent life, recognizes in it a spark of that intense fire which burns in that heart pleading before the tabernacle. I do not wish to be blasphemous. Yet, rash as it is, let us just venture the question. On the principle of our scoffing Carlyle: which of the two is the better example of the Christian spirit, Luther married to a nun or St. Theresa, the virgin of Avila?

St. Theresa left the active work in Christ's vineyard to priests and missionaries. When on hallowed Montmartre Ignatius Loyola on the feast of the Assumption 1534 vowed with his six companions—poverty, chastity, and obedience—he was flinging defiance at the loose liberty—the doctrine of the age. He there formed the kernel of an army “whose leader should be the Savior, whose banner the cross, whose watchword God's honor, and whose meed of victory the salvation of men and the glory of the Church.” “In sixteen years from that eventful night,” says John Lord, “when far above the star-lit city the enthusiastic Loyola had bound his six companions with irrevocable vows—he had established his Society in the confidence and affection of Catholic Europe, against the voice of universities, the fears of monarchs, and the jealousy of the other monastic orders. In sixteen years, he had risen to a condition of great influence and dignity, second only in power to the Pope himself, animating the counsels of the Vatican, moving the minds of kings, controlling the souls of a numerous fraternity, and making his influence felt in every corner of the world. Before the remembrance of his passionate eloquence, his eyes of fire, and his countenance of seraphic piety had passed away from the minds of his own generation, his disciples had planted their missionary stations among Peruvian mines, in the marts of the African slave-trade, among the islands of the Indian Ocean, on the coasts of the Hindustan, in the cities of Japan and China, in the recesses of Canadian forests, amid the wilds of the Rocky Mountains. They had the most important chairs in the universities; they were the confessors of monarchs

and men of rank; they had the control of the schools of Italy, France, Austria, and Spain; and they had become the most eloquent, learned and fashionable preachers in all Catholic countries.

"They had grown to be a great institution,—an organization instinct with life, a mechanism endued with energy and will; forming a body which could outwatch Argus with his hundred eyes, and outwork Briareus with his hundred arms; they had twenty thousand eyes open upon every cabinet, every palace, and every private family in Catholic Europe, and twenty thousand arms extended over every sovereign and all their subjects,—a mighty, moral and spiritual power, irresponsible, irresistible, omnipresent, connected intimately with the education, the learning, the religion of the age, yea, the prime agents in political affairs, the prop alike of absolute monarchies and of the papal throne, whose interests they made identical with their own. This association, instinct with one will and for one purpose, has been beautifully likened by Doctor Williams to the chariot of the prophet's vision: 'The spirit of the living creatures was in the wheels; wherever the living creatures went, the wheels went with them; wherever those stood, these stood: when the living creatures were lifted up, the wheels were lifted up over against them; and their wings were full of eyes round about, and they were so high that they were dreadful.' So of the institution of Ignatius,—one soul swayed the vast mass; and every pin and every cog in the machinery consented with its whole power to every movement of the one central conscience . . .

"There is no mystery in their success; the same causes would produce the same results again. When Catholic Europe saw men born to wealth and rank voluntarily parting with their goods and honors; devoting themselves to religious duties, often in a humble sphere; spending their days in schools and hospitals; wandering as preachers and missionaries amid privations and in fatigue; encountering perils and dangers and hardships with fresh and ever-sustained enthusiasm; and finally yielding up their lives as martyrs, to proclaim salvation to idolatrous savages,—it knew them to be heroic, and believed them to be sincere, and honored them in consequence. When parents saw that the Jesuits put heart and soul into the work of education, winning their pupils' hearts by kindness, watching their moods, directing their minds into congenial studies, and inspiring them with generous sentiments, they did not stop to pry into their motives; and universities, when they discovered the superior culture of educated Jesuits, outstripping all

their associates in learning, and shedding a light by their genius and erudition very naturally appointed them to the highest chairs; and even the people, when they saw that the Jesuits were not stained by vulgar vices, but were hard-working, devoted to their labors, earnest, and eloquent, put themselves under their teachings; and especially when they added gentlemanly manners, good taste, and an agreeable conversation to their unimpeachable morality and religious fervor, they made these men their confessors as well as preachers . . . They loved their Society; but they loved still more what they thought was the glory of God. *Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam.*

"Aside from the personal gifts and qualities of the early Jesuits, they would not have so marvelously succeeded had it not been for their remarkable constitution,—that which bound the members of the Society together, and gave to it a peculiar unity and force. The most marked thing about it was the unbounded and unhesitating obedience required of every member to the superiors, and of these superiors to the General of the Order,—so that there was but one will."

We have allowed a Protestant to speak the praises and work of Ignatius and his Society. And not an unprejudiced Protestant. The note obstructing his clearer vision makes him insert in his appreciation: "Loyola invented a machine which arrested the progress, and drove the Catholic world back again into the superstitions and depotisms of the Middle Ages, retaining, however, the fear of God and of Hell, which some among the Protestants care very little about." If the good done is indicative of the Spirit whence it came then from his own mouth let him stand convicted and Loyola appraised. With regard to Carlyle, perhaps we shall not be far from truth in agreeing with Professor Sedgwick of Canon Sheehan's Sunetoi that "Carlyle was an ignorant man, with a wonderful affection of omniscience, and a very absurd and conceited contempt for everything."

In a short sketch such as this but a limited account can be given of the great servants of God who labored so ardently for His glory. It is noticeable that names like Miami, Zaccaria, Giustiniani, St. Philip Neri are not mentioned at all. It suffices, however, to have seen that with the advent of that phalanx of Christian heroes those duped by Protestantism returned in numbers to the fold of Holy Church and before a half century had passed more than half of those who had embraced error were again docile children of Christ's Vicar on earth.

T. F. KENNY, C. Ss. R.

The pro-cathedral of Minneapolis can boast of this: Several hundred men who go to Communion daily and offer up special prayers in common for peace. There is more real love of country in one of these men than in five hundred of the loud-mouthed patriots who dish out buncombe on street corners—and hide at the approach of a recruiting officer.

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Here is my love to you, flag of the free, flag of the tried and true;  
Here is my love to your streaming and stripes and your stars in a field  
of blue!

Here is my love to your silken folds wherever they wave on high,  
For you are the flag of the land for which 'twere sweet for a man to  
die!

Green though the banners my fathers bore in the days of their ancient  
wars,

Men of my race, full many, have died for the banner of stripes and  
stars,

Bearing the green, my fathers battled and bled in the older fray,  
But you, O beautiful flag of the free, are the flag of our hearts today!

—Dennis A. McCarthy.

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Although Mary succors all the souls in purgatory yet she always obtains more indulgences and alleviations for those who have been especially devoted to her.—*St. Alphonsus*.

Many saints are in heaven through Mary's intercession who never would have been there without it.—*St. Alphonsus*.

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From day to day it becomes more evident how needful it is that the principles of Christian wisdom should ever be borne in mind and that the life, the morals, and the institutions of nations should be wholly conformed to them.—*Pope Leo XIII*.

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Let suspicion and enmity cease at last; let all obstacles be removed, and let the Church, whose duty it is to guard and spread abroad the benefits obtained by Jesus Christ, be restored to her rights. Then shall we know by experience how far the Gospel can reach, and what the power of Christ our Redeemer can effect.—*Leo XIII*.



	<b>Catholic Anecdotes</b>	
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**THE BLESSED VIRGIN'S GIFT TO A LITTLE BOY**

Many a little boy is asked by his elders, what he intends to be in later life, and how seldom we hear the answer: I shall be a priest.

Over 60 years ago, there lived, in the City of New York, a little boy, about 7 years old, whose invariable reply was, that he would be a priest. This inclination towards the sacerdotal vocation may have been caused by the fact that his parents took him to church at an early age. The parents were, at that time, very poor but, also, very exact in the fulfilment of their religious duties, and though they did not expect to possess the means to assist the boy, in later years, to follow his inclination, they never discouraged him.

At the age of six he entered the parochial school. One day he saw in the hands of a class-mate a prayer-book in which the actions of the priest at mass were profusely illustrated. He told his mother about the book "with so many priests in it", and begged her to buy such a book for him. "I would do so, my child," she said to her boy, "but we need the money for things more necessary than the book." Disappointed, but not discouraged, the boy, at different times, reiterated his petition. At last, on a Sunday, when he again begged for the book, the mother said to him: "If the Blessed Mother of God will let you find the money for the book, you shall have it."

These words acted like a charm on the boy. He left the house in haste and, passing along the streets, scanned the pavements for coin and searched rubbish-cans for cast-away articles that might be turned into money, but without success. He turned into another street, but, alas! the City's rubbish collector has preceded him. Something, however, attracted his attention to a solitary barrel which was in front of a public place. Peering into it, he saw that its contents had been removed. He was about to proceed, when he beheld a small object, twinkling like a little star in the black compact mass at the bottom of the barrel. His arm was too short to reach this object, but with a little effort he succeeded in extricating it and, holding it up to the light, found to his joy that it was a gold dollar. He ran home as fast as his little feet would carry him and dropping the coin into the

mother's hand, cried out with a cheery voice: The Blessed Virgin has let me find the money. The Blessed Virgin having fulfilled the mother's condition, the latter, also, kept her promise, and by the evening of that Saturday, the boy had the coveted prayer book: The Little Garden of Paradise.

Did the boy reach his goal, the priesthood? At the age of eleven he began the study of Latin and, about the same time, had been enrolled among the altar-boys. This intimate relation with the Redemptorist Fathers of the parish not only served to increase his desire for the sacerdotal vocation, but, also, gave rise to the determination of joining the Congregation founded by St. Alphonsus M. de Liguori. At the age of sixteen he received the habit of a Redemptorist and, a year later, made his profession. At the conclusion of an eight-years' course of ecclesiastical studies he was ordained.

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### GOD'S FOOTSTEPS

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The Christian Arab sought the solitude to serve his God in prayer and penance. His tribesmen laughed him to scorn for denying himself the pleasures of life and following a vain dream. "To serve God!" they cried, "How do you know there is a God?" "How do *you* know that a camel has passed your tent in the night," he retorted. "By it's footprints." "In every grain that glistens daily in the desert sand, in every star that glitters nightly in the desert sky. I see the footprints of my God," he replied.

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### THIS DAY IN PARADISE

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I have this incident first hand from a chaplain who had been serving on the western front. The evening before a general assault, a group of British officers came to the chaplain. The spokesman said: "Father, we beg you to receive us into the Church. We are all Anglicans. While realizing that the Anglican is a convenient religion to live in, we feel that it is a very poor religion to die in. That is why we want to become Roman Catholics." "Pardon me," returned the chaplain, "our Church is not like the Anglican; we go more slowly. A certain amount of instruction is necessary before we can receive anyone into our communion." "Well, Father, can you not give us the necessary instruction. How much time can you spare?" "All night, if

you wish," replied the chaplain. "Thank you, Father, a thousand times!" And the instruction began that moment. It was nearly morning when the officers bowed their heads to receive conditional baptism; Absolution and Communion followed. At the first faint blush of dawn they led their men to the charge through a hail of machine gun bullets. When the charge was over the greater number of these officers had left their bodies festering among the crater holes of No Man's Land and, fresh in their new-found faith, they had gone to meet their Judge.

R.

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### ENOUGH SAID

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One day St. Stanislaus Kostka was asked whether he loved Mary, the Mother of God. At the question, his face lit up as in ecstasy, a tear glistened in his eye, and he answered feelingly: "Why should I not love Mary; why, she is my mother!"

These few words undoubtedly contain the most perfect panegyric of Mary that anyone could write. At the same time they show a full realization of our duties toward Mary.

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### A HAPPY MAN

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During the course of the so-called Seven Year's War, Frederick the Great of Prussia assisted, one time, at a march through the mountains, and became impatient at the slowness of the movement of the artillery. While watching the march, in a dissatisfied mood, he thought he might amuse himself at the expense of one of his Generals, the brave Baron von Schmettau. The latter was a Catholic and Frederick began to twit him about his Faith. He asked him about his confessor at Berlin, and what advice he gave him and gave free vent to raillery and mockery of religion.

"Your Majesty is much wittier and much more learned than I am," at length replied von Schmettau; "besides, you are my King. The intellectual struggle between you and me, therefore, is very unequal; and yet, you will never succeed in robbing me of my faith. And if you succeeded in doing so, you would inflict an irreparable loss not only on me, but even on yourself."

"What do you mean?" asked the King, stopping in front of the

general. "How would I be harming myself by robbing you of your faith?"

"Your Majesty," answered the general, speaking coolly and calmly, "you reckon upon me as a good, trustworthy officer, do you not? And I hope that you are not deceived in me. But if you were to rob me of my faith and make me prove untrue to my God, then you would find in me only a miserable thing, a reed shaken by the wind, upon which you could not depend, either in the council-chamber or on the field of battle."

The King regarded the General for awhile in silence. At last, with a friendly voice, he asked:

"Tell me, von Schmettau, what is your Faith?"

"I believe," said the General solemnly, "in the Providence of God that directs all things; I believe in the divine Redemption through our Lord Jesus Christ, who suffered and died for my sins; I believe in an everlasting life after death."

"Do you really believe this?" the King asked, "do you believe it entirely and without any misgiving?"

"I do, your Majesty, in all truth."

With evident emotion the King seized the old General's hand and pressed it warmly.

"Happy man! Happy man!" he ejaculated. And never again did he dare to ridicule von Schmettau's Faith.

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#### FOR MY BOY'S ALBUM

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Do you know that your soul is of my soul such part,  
That you seem to be fibre and strength of my heart?  
None other can praise me, as you dear, can do;  
None other can please me or pain me as you.  
Remember the world will be quick with its blame,  
If shadow or blight ever darkens your name.  
"Like mother, like son", is a saying so true,  
The world will judge largely of mother through you.  
Be yours then the task—if task it shall be  
To force the proud world to do homage to me;  
Be sure it will say, when it's verdict you've won,  
She reaps as she sowed, for this man is her son.—*Selected.*

=====	<b>Pointed Paragraphs</b>	=====
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**SHAMS**

The man who pops up like a Jack-in-the-Box for the Star Spangled Banner and jars loose the plaster applauding a war speech, but who won't enlist nor buy a liberty bond, is a sham patriot.

The man who takes the first rank at the meeting called to plan a new parish school but trails in the rear when it comes to paying for that school, is a sham Catholic.

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**EFFICIENCY**

Just now the bookmarket is glutted with books on efficiency. They're all good; but we should recommend one that surpasses them all far more than Pike's Peak overtops the lowest foothill. It is a short and simple book. You can read it through in an hour. Though you live to be a hundred, you should not allow a single year to pass without reading, studying, and reflecting upon this wonderful book. Master this book and reduce its teachings to practice, and your life will infallibly be a success—a success beyond the wildest ambitions of a Vanderbilt or a Carnegie. This matchless book on efficiency is known by the humble name of the Catechism of Christian Doctrine.

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**DAILY COMMUNION**

"The Holy Synod [of Trent] would desire that at every Mass the faithful who are present should communicate, not only spiritually, by way of internal affection, but sacramentally, by the actual reception of the Eucharist."

Which words declare plainly enough the wish of the Church that all Christians should be daily nourished by this Heavenly Banquet, and should derive therefrom abundant fruit for their sanctification.

"And this wish of the Council is in entire agreement with the desire with which Christ our Lord was inflamed when He instituted this Divine Sacrament. For He himself more than once, in no ambiguous terms, pointed out the necessity of eating His Flesh and drinking His Blood frequently, especially in these words: 'This is the bread that

cometh down from heaven; not as the fathers did eat manna and are dead: he that eateth this bread shall live forever.'

"Now, from this comparison of Holy Communion with bread and with manna, it was easily understood by His disciples that, as the body is daily nourished with bread, and as the Hebrews were daily nourished with manna in the desert, so the Christian soul might daily partake of this heavenly Bread and be refreshed thereby. Moreover, whereas in the Lord's Prayer we are bidden to ask for "our daily bread", the Holy Fathers of the Church all but unanimously teach that by these words must be understood, not so much that material bread which is the support of the body, as the Eucharistic Bread ought to be our daily food.

"Moreover, the desire of Jesus Christ and the Church that all the faithful should daily approach the Sacred Banquet is directed chiefly to this end, that the faithful, being united to God by means of the Sacrament, may thence derive strength to resist their sensual passions, to cleanse themselves from the stains of daily faults, and to avoid these graver sins to which human frailty is liable; so that its primary purpose is not that the honor and reverence due to Our Lord may be safeguarded, nor that the Sacrament may serve as a reward of virtue bestowed upon the recipients. Hence the Holy Council of Trent calls the Eucharist 'the antidote whereby we are delivered from daily faults and preserved from daily sins' " . . . Pope Pius X.

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### **"DIVINE RIGHT OF KINGS"**

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The sensational press is working to befuddle the minds of its readers by confusing the issues and making them believe that we have entered upon this war to overthrow the "divine right of kings". We have done nothing of the kind. Such action on the part of any nation would be suicidal. The divine right of kings is precisely the same as the divine right of presidents, the divine right of congresses, or the divine right of legislatures. It is the divine right of every lawfully constituted government to exact loyal obedience from its subjects to all its just behests. This divine right was proclaimed by Jesus Christ when he said: "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's". This divine right was urged by the Holy Ghost through the mouth of St. Paul: "Let every soul be subject to higher powers: for there is no power but from God. . . . Wherefore, be subject of necessity, not only

for wrath, but also for conscience sake . . . for they are the ministers of God". This divine right was described by Pope Leo XIII: "They who rule should rule with evenhanded justice, not as masters but as fathers, for the rule of God over man is most just and is tempered always with a father's kindness. Government should be administered for the well-being of the citizens, because they who govern others possess authority solely for the welfare of the State". The divine right of governing on the part of rulers is correlative with the moral obligation of obedience on the part of subjects. The nation that is not founded upon this principle is built upon the shifting sands.

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### WASTE NOT; WANT NOT

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A national calamity like war was needed to disabuse our people of their wrong notions. "You may get all you can and do what you please with it", was accepted as a self-evident proposition; in reality, it is false and immoral doctrine. The right to the ownership of material goods has been given by God to men that they may use these goods, not abuse them. To waste the gifts of God is a crime at all times, whether in peace or in war. It is a blessing that the government is taking steps to punish those who wrongfully apply the principle of private ownership.

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### "EAT 'EM ALIVE"

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"Eat 'em alive." The best of us find abundant pretext for doing it when we're mad. We are not acting through passion—oh dear, no—we are prompted only by the purest motives of vindicating God's honor and furthering the spiritual good of our erring neighbor. And so, having carefully salved our own conscience, we "sail into him". Result: We are ashamed of ourselves; our ugly temper has become more ungovernable because we have given way to it once again; our character has become more crooked because we have told another lie to ourselves; charity has been wounded; a friend has been hurt and transformed into an enemy.

Here is a story from real life. It has a moral tied to it. You read of the bread riots in New York. They weren't bread riots; they were meat riots. The women in the foreign district couldn't understand why the butcher began to ask two dollars and a quarter for the spare ribs and soup bone that they used to get for seventy-five cents. They ex-



postulated; the butcher was adamant. Then they got riled. They came back with the kerosene can and an apron-pocket full of safety matches, and began to raise—a disturbance. The patrolman on the beat knew what they were going to do even before they were sure of it themselves. How did he grapple with the emergency? By calling out a couple of hundred bluecoats to club the women away from the shop? Not all all; that is not the way the New York police are trained. He met them with a smile and tried to reason with them; they jeered at him. He got between the kerosene cans and the butcher meat; they attacked him. They scratched his face and tore his uniform and cursed him in nine languages and thirty-one dialects. Next day they came and begged his pardon. Forbearance had gained the day where brute force would only have embittered the rioters and driven them to greater excesses. We know the saying: Go to the ant and learn wisdom. Let us add: Go to the New York copper and learn patience.

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### PUT OUT YOUR TONGUE

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Examine the tongue to judge of the health of the body. If the tongue is clean and ruddy, it is safe to say that the bodily health is vigorous; if the tongue is pale and coated, the bodily health is poor, indeed, often in a dangerous state.

Examine the tongue to judge of the health of the soul. If the tongue is charitable, is pure, is reverent, the soul is strong and vigorous; if the tongue is given to slander, backbiting, tale-bearing, lying, immodesty, cursing, blasphemy, irreverence, insult, then the soul is in a dangerous state, and stands sadly in need of a spiritual physician. Our Divine Saviour says: "A good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is good: and an evil man out of the evil treasure bringeth forth that which is evil. For out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. Luke 7:45."

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### A GIRL'S EDUCATION

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A girl's education is most incomplete unless she has learned: To sew. To cook. To mend. To be gentle. To value time. To dress neatly. To keep a secret. To avoid idleness. To be self-reliant. To darn stockings. To respect old age. To make good bread. To keep a house tidy. To be above gossiping. To make home happy. To control

her temper. To take care of the sick. To take care of the baby. To sweep down cobwebs. To marry a man for his worth. To read the very best of books. To take plenty of active exercise. To be a help-mate to her husband. To keep clear of trashy literature. To be light-hearted and fleet-footed. To be a womanly woman under all circumstances.—*Australian Farm Journal*.

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### SUNDAY EVENINGS

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We are not strictly bound to assist at the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament in the church on Sunday evenings. To selfish, small, narrow hearts, this means, "I shall not go." To these, an auto drive, a picture show, an hour's courting, is much more than the blessing of Jesus Christ. The empty pews at Benediction may account for the scanty blessings bestowed by Almighty God on many a Christmas home.

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### WE SHOULD SAY: THANK YOU?

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When you give your offering to the Priest or the Sisters for the construction and ornamentation of the house of God or the support of the poor, the aged, and the orphan, they say: Thank you. But it is really you that should say it. Almighty God does not need your poor offering, whether it be a penny or a thousand dollars. He is infinitely rich, He owns all the wealth in the universe. He could with one word change the sands of the sea-shore into coins of gold. Still this great Lord of heaven and earth, in His loving kindness, stoops so low as to ask you for your offering, to receive it gratefully, and even to promise you the eternal reward of heaven in return for it. "Come, ye blessed of my Father, possess you the kingdom prepared for you . . . for I was hungry and you gave me to eat . . . Amen, I say unto you, as long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me." Surely it is you that should say: Thank you.

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### TO SLEEP BESIDE A CORPSE

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When you have the unspeakable misfortune to commit a mortal sin, you deprive your soul of supernatural life, you murder, actually murder, your God-like soul. There is nothing a murderer dreads more than the sight, or even the thought, of the bloody corpse of his victim.

To force him to spend the long, dark hours of the night alone with it would be one of the most terrifying punishments the judge could inflict upon him. How then can you dare to lie down at night with the soul you have killed? In the dark hours of the night, the thought that you are alone with that murdered soul, the thought of that hideous wound that you inflicted upon it by your mortal sin should drive sleep from your eyes, and force you to go to confession or make a good act of contrition so that the saving blood of Jesus will wash your soul and restore it to the life of grace.

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### WEALTH IS NOT HAPPINESS

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Eugene Maggi, the richest multi-millionaire in Switzerland, together with his wife, went into a room, on the twelfth day of June of last year, tightly closed the doors and windows, turned on the gas, and lay down and died. They left behind a note saying that they had lost all interest in life.

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### A CATHOLIC DAILY

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Some of our Catholic periodicals let slip no opportunity of showing the hopelessness of a Catholic Daily. They do not deny the need—they cannot deny it; for if it is good to have a Catholic weekly or monthly to act as a belated and inefficient corrector of the false and sensational reports in the secular press, it must be good to have a sound and safe Catholic Daily to take the place of the secular press. Then why not labor to fill this need? Where there's a will there's a way. It is our duty to agitate in season and out of season until we create the will.

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### INQUIRE WITHIN

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This is the name of a popular little book. The advertizers say if you desire information on any possible subject, you need only consult this book, and you will in all probability find what you seek. This title should be inscribed on the backs of those busybodies who are ready at all times to give you the complete and unabridged list of possible and impossible scandals attached to any name you may choose to mention.

	<b>Catholic Events</b>	
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Five Italian Catholic newspapers were on the verge of bankruptcy owing to war conditions. Italian Catholics came generously to the rescue. The first collection for the *Corriere d'Italia*, the Catholic newspaper published in Rome, brought in 25,000 lire. The other four report like gratifying success.

\* \* \*

When the body of Peter Carl Millman, chief civilian instructor at the aviation camp at Hempstead Plains, Mass., was carried from the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes to the cemetery, twelve U. S. airplanes accompanied the funeral. Three of them descended to within fifty feet of the ground and dropped flowers on the grave.

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The Catholic College of Little Rock has been obliged to suspend operations because forty-two students and three members of the faculty have enlisted.

\* \* \*

Four young Canadian nuns have just left the convent of the Immaculate Conception at Outremont to give their lives to the care of the lepers in China.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Storer, wife of a former ambassador to Austria complains: "The regulations of the Medical Board of the Red Cross, which monopolizes all service for army and navy hospital attendance, makes it impossible for any member of the Religious Orders to become Red Cross nurses." Is it wise or just to exclude such an able and heroic body of helpers as the Catholic Sisterhoods?

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Among the strange events that occur in the providence of God is the fact that the "Luther Centenary" marked the recall of the banished Jesuits to Luther's Fatherland.

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The commission has at length been formed which will try to devise a settlement of the Irish Question that will be acceptable to the great Catholic majority and to the Protestant minority, to the Nationalists, the Unionists, the Sinn Feiners, and the British Government. The world is watching and asking: Will England at last do justice to Ireland?

\* \* \*

A great need is about to be filled by the Knights of Columbus, who are always in the breach. They will raise half a million immediately to provide Catholic social centres in all the great military camps for the gigantic new army.

Switzerland is celebrating the five-hundredth anniversary of Nicholas von Flue, to whom the republic is indebted for the preservation of her national unity. This noble Catholic patriot, after saving his country and bringing up a family of ten children, retired into solitude to spend his last days in prayer and penance. He has been beatified by Holy Church.

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A summer school of Church Music is in progress at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore.

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The population of Italy, according to official statistics just issued, is 36,500,000. Protestants of all denominations number but 123,000, mostly Americans and English.

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As a result of the turning over of Turkish affairs in this country to Spain, Father Aregui of Boise, Idaho, has been advised that he is to look after the Turks in Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Oregon, and Utah.

\* \* \*

Alice Phelan Sullivan, widow of Senator Sullivan, left \$200,000 to the Carmelite nuns of California.

\* \* \*

The Young Ladies' Sodality of Immaculate Conception Church, Trenton, N. J., after remarkable success with a Working Women's Home, have leased a summer place where these same women can have an inexpensive vacation.

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Motormen and conductors of Boston devoted their idle time at the car barns to grading the land around a new Catholic church in the vicinity.

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On Memorial Day Cardinal O'Connell administered Confirmation to 800 converts.

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The completion of seventy-five years in the great work of Catholic education in the United States was celebrated at Notre Dame June 9, 10, and 11. A cardinal, an apostolic delegate, 4 archbishops, 20 bishops, 20 monsignori, and over 175 priests, together with thousands of distinguished laymen took part in the processions and other solemn ceremonies of the three days' celebration. Among the notable functions were the conferring of the Laetare Medal upon Admiral Benson, Pontifical Masses by Cardinal Gibbons and the apostolic delegate, Sermons by Archbishop Mundelein, Archbishop Hanna, and Father Elliott, addresses by Cardinal Gibbons, Hon. Victor Dowling, Hon. Bourke Cockran, Gov. Goodrich, Lieut. Gov. McDermott, and Bishop Chartrand, the blessing of the new library building, the laying of the cornerstone of the chemistry building, and the commencement exercises. Ad Multos Annos!

## The Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.  
Sign all Questions with name and address.)

*Having noticed in the last number of your interesting magazine that you omitted the twelfth promise of the Sacred Heart from the list you there give, I would like to ask why. Is there any doubt as to its authenticity?*

The promise to which our correspondent refers is as follows: "I promise thee, in the excessive mercy of My heart, that its all-powerful love will grant to all those who shall communicate on nine First Fridays of the month successively the grace of final repentance; they shall not die in disgrace, nor without receiving their sacraments, My divine Heart giving itself as their assured refuge in that last moment." Other versions are worded in a slightly different manner but the meaning is substantially the same. When from the list printed in the June *Liguorian* we omitted this twelfth promise we did not intend to cast any doubt on its authenticity. The prayer book from which we copied the list, and other books besides, mention only the eleven promises as we have them. As far as we know, these promises were not made by our Lord to the Blessed Margaret Mary at one time nor in the order in which we now find them in devotional books, neither did the Blessed Margaret Mary ever record them just in this order and number. The list was compiled by some one else from the letters of the Beata or from other authentic sources. The list as circulated in the beginning did not contain the famous twelfth promise. This came to light only later. Thus it happens that the list is now published sometimes with and sometimes without the twelfth promise.

It is true that this last promise has been attacked on various grounds but the best authorities admit its authenticity. We cordially subscribe to their opinion and see no valid reason for rejecting it.

*God certainly does not tempt us to offend Him: why then do we pray: "Lead us not into temptation"?*

When we pray that God may not

lead us into temptation, we simply ask Him to save us from being overcome by temptation, for we add, "But deliver us from evil". In the sense in which the word "temptation" is used here, it means a trial. God does try us to prove our fidelity to Him. He leaves us under the sway of some passion or weakness to make us realize the need of His help in leading a good life. St. Paul prayed for relief from "the sting of the flesh", but God did not remove it, but said to Him, "My grace is sufficient for thee". Hence, when we pray to God not to lead us into temptation, we do not ask that He remove every temptation from us, but that He give us the grace of resisting evil, and thereby meriting eternal reward. St. James says: "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he hath been proved he shall receive the crown of life which God hath promised to them that love Him". Jesus Himself permitted Satan to tempt Him to show us how to resist temptation; all the saints were tempted to show us that there is no state of life so perfect as to be free of temptation. Praying, "lead us not into temptation", we ask not exemption from temptation, but grace and help to overcome it.

*What are the best means to use to preserve the virtue of purity?*

1. Cultivate strength of will. Practice overcoming your wants and desires even in lawful things in order that you may be able to resist your passions. 2. Keep away from danger—such as bad companions, amusements, books, etc. 3. Pray often for the strength you need. Recite three Hail Marys every morning and evening for the grace of purity. In time of temptation say "Jesus, Mary, Joseph, help me!" 4. Approach the sacraments of Confession and Communion once a month or oftener if possible.

*What is the meaning of the word "Paraclete" as applied to the Holy Ghost?*

It means comforter or consoler.

*Former pastors said the angelus after High Mass the year round. Our new pastor says a different prayer for some time after Easter. Should not the angelus be said since the angelus bell is rung as usual.*

During the Easter season it is more in conformity with the rubrics to recite the prayer known as the "Regina Coeli," or "Queen of Heaven," than the angelus. That is why your new pastor says this prayer. But most Catholics do not know how to answer the Regina Coeli. That is why your old pastors said the angelus. The Regina Coeli in English is as follows: "Rejoice, O Queen of heaven, alleluja, for He whom thou wast worthy to bear, alleluja, has arisen as He foretold, alleluja." Pray for us to God, alleluja. To the foregoing it is customary to add the following versicle and response and oration: "Rejoice and be glad, O Virgin Mary, alleluja. Because the Lord has truly risen, alleluja. Let us pray. O God, who hast been pleased to rejoice the world by the resurrection of thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, grant, we beseech Thee, that through His mother, the Virgin Mary, we may receive the joys of eternal life. Amen."

*May a Catholic lawyer handle divorce cases? May a Catholic civil magistrate perform the marriage rite for Catholics?*

The Church does not recognize the right of the state to dissolve valid marriages. Therefore ordinarily a Catholic judge may not grant a divorce nor may a Catholic lawyer plead for parties seeking divorce. Similarly a Catholic magistrate may not officiate at a so-called civil marriage for Catholics for the reason that such a ceremony does not really marry them.

*What is the signification of the large candle that is lighted on the Gospel side of the altar during Easter time?*

This candle is known as the paschal or Easter candle. Its blessing forms an important part of the services on Holy Saturday morning. It is lighted during High Mass and Vespers on Sunday till the Gospel of the Mass on Ascension Thursday when it is extinguished and removed. The use of this paschal candle has been handed down in the Church from very remote antiquity but the reason for its introduction is not very well known. The cere-

monies which we now celebrate on Holy Saturday morning formerly took place in the evening and night of that same day and during that time the churches and even the entire city were brilliantly illuminated. Perhaps the paschal candle is a survival of this illumination. Again, the candle is used in the blessing of the baptismal font and formerly the catechumens were baptized on the eve of Easter. Perhaps the Easter candle typifies baptism, which was formerly spoken of as an "illumination". Finally, to quote the Catholic Encyclopedia, whether consciously designed for that purpose or not, the paschal candle typified Jesus Christ, "the true light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world", surrounded by His illumination, i. e., newly baptized disciples, each holding a smaller light. In the virgin wax a later symbolism recognized the most pure flesh which Christ derived from His blessed Mother, in the wick the human soul of Jesus Christ, and in the flame the divinity of the Second Person of the Most Blessed Trinity. Moreover, the five grains of incense set cross wise in the candle recalled the sacred wounds retained in Christ's glorified body, and the lighting of the candle with new fire itself served as a lively image of the resurrection.

*What is the reason of the impediment to matrimony called spiritual relationship? How far does it extend?*

The person who baptizes or confirms another can not validly marry the baptized or confirmed person nor the parents of the baptized or confirmed person. Similarly, those who are sponsors at a Baptism or Confirmation can not validly marry the person for whom they are sponsors nor the parents of that person. This impediment arises from the law of the Church. As the person who baptizes another becomes in a way the author of that person's spiritual life, a sort of spiritual parenthood results. Sponsors are charged to watch over the spiritual life of their god children. They are, so to speak, the adopted parents in the spiritual order. Hence the law of the Church decreeing the impediment.

*How much indulgence can I gain by the sign of the cross?*

Fifty days each time. One hundred days if you make it with Holy Water.



	Some Good Books	
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*The Taming of Calinga.* By Mr. C. L. Carsen. Henry Dutton. \$1.35. Mr. Carsen has given us a most interesting novel. This is especially true of those who love the thrill of adventure. The hero is a Filipino head-hunter who under the severest trials and punishments remains obstinate. But who submits to the Padre's appeal to the Crucified Christ, and becomes Catholic. There is not wanting, of course, the vein of love making and winning which adds a touch of the human. It is a well-written story.

*The Holy Hour in Gethsemane.* By Francis P. Donnelly, S. J. P. J. Kennedy and Sons, N. Y. Price 75c; post-paid, 80c.

This book deserves a warm welcome. There are many devout souls that make the Holy Hour each week and there are many more, perhaps, that would make it, if they knew how and if they had some assistance. For both of these classes the little volume we recommend will be a God-send. The meditations are woven round that ancient and beautiful prayer: "Soul of Christ, sanctify me". The prayers added to each set of reflections are very well made: they will teach people how to frame the oft-felt aspirations of their hearts in simple but earnest words. The book is small, the arrangement and make-up attractive.

*Life and Poems of B. I. Durward.* Illustrated Centenary Edition. The Pilgrim Publishing Co., Baraboo, Wis. Price: \$2.00 (silk cl. ed.); \$1.50 (cheaper edit.).

A manly and deeply Christian personality here speaks the thoughts and feelings of his heart in musical lines. Everything, be it ever so humble, is seen through the Indian-summer mist of poetry, and the mist is colored by the golden light of religion. It is refreshing to see a man's mind and character so deeply penetrated with Faith that the vestige of God in things of earth never escapes his piercing glance; yet so thoroughly human that it can bubble over in ripples of human laughter.

*Which? The Church of Man or the Church of Jesus Christ.* By Rev. John J. O'Hara. Veritas Society, Bradley

Beach, N. J. 5c a copy. \$4.00 a hundred.

Father O'Hara has written this little pamphlet for non-Catholics. It is a collection of what we might call seed-thoughts on religion—thoughts in outline calculated to set a person thinking—views of the Church and Religion that may lead a non-Catholic inquirer to further investigation. Little works of this sort may do immense good dissipating prejudice, correcting false opinions of Catholic doctrine, and thus aiding in the work of conversion.

*Gold Must Be Tried By Fire.* By Rev. Aumerle Maher. The Macmillan Co., N. Y. This is another striking novel from the author of "The Heart of a Man" and "The Shepherd of the North". Like its predecessors this novel has its setting in the mill towns of northern New York. It has the same social outlook and discusses industrial problems. Not the least of its excellencies is that it is written in the same masterly and forceful manner as were the other two books. It has a mission to perform and it is to be sincerely hoped that its wide circulation will carry truth to many hearts.

*Grapes and Thorns.* By Mrs. Mary T. Waggaman. Benziger Bros. This is a new novel from the most interesting of Catholic novelists, and easily ranks among her best. The story carries interest from the first page to the last. Anyone acquainted with Mrs. Waggaman's novels will be sure to add this one to the list.

*Three Motets for Four Male Voices.* By Joseph J. McGrath. J. Fisher & Bro., New York. Price 40c.

These three motets—"O Salutaris", "O Santissima", and "Tantum Ergo"—will prove a welcome addition to the repertoire of every Catholic choir. Written in the Motu Proprio spirit of the late Holy Father, they give a beautiful musical setting to three hymns which every choir is called upon to sing again and again. Mr. McGrath's compositions well rendered—and with a little pains-taking trouble every choir of medium talent can so render them—will not fail to raise the mind and heart to God.

	<h2 style="margin: 0;">Lucid Intervals</h2>	
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The type of youth who indulges in loud clothes and a hat forced back over his ears dropt into the dental chair.

"I'm afraid to give him gas," said the dentist to his assistant.

"Why?"

"How can I tell when he's unconscious?"

Callers were at the door and Bobbie was told to show them into the parlor. He did so, and while his mother was fixing herself up, he sat there rather embarrassed. Presently, seeing the visitors glancing around the room, he said:

"Well, what do you think of our stuff, anyway?"

Girl (reading letter from brother at the front)—"John says a bullet went right through his hat without touching him."

Old Lady—"What a blessing he had his hat on, dear."

They stood by the low well together. "How shall we drink?" he said, "there is no bucket here." She lowered her eyes, when she raised them again they were full of water.

Suffragette—And is this my ballot?  
Election Clerk—Yes, ma'am, that's it.  
Suffragette—Where's the household page and the comic supplement.

A man dropped into a country newspaper office and made a sensation by announcing that a carpenter had just swallowed a two-foot rule and was dying by inches. The editor started out to learn the particulars and met a doctor, to whom he told the matter. The doctor replied: "That's nothing; I once had a patient who swallowed a thermometer, and he died by degrees."

A bystander who heard the conversation remarked that he knew a young fellow who swallowed a revolver and went off easy. A policeman happened to come up at this point and told about a man he knew who fell into a vat of alcohol and died in good spirits.

"Did you ever know a woman to play whist without continually asking 'what's trumps?'"

"Yes, one. She was deaf and dumb and couldn't ask with her fingers because they were holding the cards."

A San Francisco paper declares that a Japanese baker in that city makes the following acknowledgment in an advertisement on his window: "Biggest loafer in San Francisco."

"Ernest," said the teacher of geography, "tell me what you know about the Mongolian race."

"I wasn't there," explained Ernest, hastily. "I went to the ball game."

It is easy enough to be happy  
When life is a bright, rosy wreath;  
But the man worth while  
Is the man who can smile  
When the dentist is filling his teeth.

Smith, a literal-minded young reporter, had been assigned to write up the town ball. The city editor was looking over his "story".

"Look here, Smith," he suddenly called out. "What do you mean by writing here, 'Among the beautiful girls was Councilman Edgar Jones'? He isn't a 'beautiful girl,' you booby: he's a middle-aged man!"

"I can't help that," responded Smith; "that's where he was."

The visitors in the historical museum gazed curiously at a small feather pillow which nestled in a glass case.

"I don't see anything unusual about that pillow," remarked one of the visitors, turning to the guide.

"It's a very valuable pillow," replied the guide. "That is Washington's original headquarters."

Hubb—I just read an account of two girls getting lost in the Alps in mid-winter.

Wife—Terrible! Were they frozen to death?

Hubb—No, they warmed themselves on the mountain ranges.